

Kristin Hersh, Like You

Excuse me, a doormat is good honest work...
Only the bored and the wicked rich don't know that
Excuse me, poor man, let's skip this town
Who me?
Oh man, was that out loud?
Ow...Whoa, I'm on my own here
you know, the devil may care
You make this groovy, you make me laugh
You make me woozy, a wet doormat
It wasn't like that
You nature lover, you country punk
You bowl me over, and I'm not that drunk
You're one in a million you're one in two
You're not like women, and I'm not like you
Your spell is broken but I'm still here
Your mouth is open, guess I don't care...